DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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GARIBALDI.

A quarter of a century ago Italy was divided into a number of petty states, and governed by the Pope of Rome, and nearly a dozen kings and dukes, each independent of the others, but all controlled to a greater or less extent by France and Austria. Some of the rulers were tools in the hands of the governing powers, who were of course interested in the continuance of the existing system of government, or rather *mis*-government. For more than a dozen years, Italy has been a united people—the whole peninsula governed by one king—growing in power and prosperity, and as free from foreign control as the other powers of Europe.

One of the men instrumental in bringing about this union, was General Garibaldi, a man who occupies, in the Italian mind, a position somewhat similar to that which Americans accord to Washington.

Giuseppe (or Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, in July, 1807. His father was a seafaring man, owner of a small vessel, and young Garibaldi, after much urging by his parents to prepare for the priesthood, was at last permitted to adopt the same pursuit his father followed. He became a skilful navigator, and at the age of twenty-three was in command of a vessel. Promptness and energy, traits that afterwards distinguished him, were prominent at this time.

About 1833 he became acquainted with Mazzini and other Italian patriots who were desirous of making Italy free, independent, and united. Always hating tyranny and oppression, his love of his native country now took deeper root, and became the leading motive of all his actions. He was ready to aid in any insurrection, or to strike a blow anywhere in the cause of freedom. He participated in an unsuccessful revolt at Genoa, in 1834, and saved his life by escaping to France. Not daring to return to Italy, he again became a sailor.

After a few voyages on the Mediterranean, he sailed for South America, landing at Rio Janeiro. Here he led a varied life—engaging in commerce, assisting in a revolt, commanding a privateer, captured, imprisoned, tortured, wounded, and, after his release, buying a drove of cattle, which he took to Uruguay to sell. At Monte Video, he taught mathematics in one of the city schools; and also sold goods by sample for an enterprising merchant. Such business was rather tame for a man of his tastes, and when Buenos Ayres made war upon Uruguay, Garibaldi joined the army of Uruguay, eager for action. His military skill was duly appreciated, and he was soon chief in command of the entire army and navy of Uruguay, and carried the war to a successful close. The grateful country offered him a considerable tract of land for his services, but he declined the reward.

In 1847 the Italians rose against the Austrian power, and Garibaldi hastened to Italy to take part in the struggle. He fought in several actions, achieving much renown, but the revolt was speedily put down by the greater power of Austria. He then went to Rome and took command of an army there, and bravely held the city several weeks against the troops of the Pope, who were assisted by the French. He withdrew from the city and escaped to Genoa, passing through territory occupied by Austrian troops, who made every effort for his capture. His remarkable adventures and hair-breadth escapes would form an interesting and romantic chapter, were there space to relate them. Many of his comrades were captured and executed, and his wife, who accompanied him, died from the hardships of the journey.

Italy again became unsafe for the warlike patriot, and he escaped to Sardinia. He then made his way to Gibraltar, and Morocco, and Liverpool, and at last reached New York. For a year and a half he made soap and candles on Staten Island. He revisited South America, and commanded a vessel sailing from Peru to China. Returning to New York, he made a voyage to England and back. In 1854 he once more set sail for Italy. He purchased the half of the rocky island of Caprera, a mile from the coast of Sardinia, and established a home for himself and his children, and remained there until the Franco-Italian war broke out in 1859.

GARIBALDI.

Joining the Italian forces, he conducted a guerrilla campaign against the Austrians, in which his quick and unexpected movements greatly harassed them, and his reckless bravery made him well-nigh invincible. After the two great battles of Magenta and Solferino, peace was concluded without bringing about Italian union. The dominion of Victor Emanuel, however, was extended over Northern Italy.

A revolt now took place in Sicily, and Garibaldi hastened thither, with eleven hundred followers. Sicily was under the dominion of the king of Naples. Garibaldi soon met and defeated a Neapolitan army three times as large as his own, and in three months, after many battles, possessed himself of the whole island. After this he crossed the Strait of Messina and invaded the kingdom of Naples. His army was increased by additions from the disaffected inhabitants until it numbered twenty-five thousand or more. His progress toward the kingdom of Naples was a triumphant march, and he entered the city amid the wildest enthusiasm of the citizens. A month afterward he defeated the Neapolitan army in a bloody battle, and became master of the whole kingdom. King Victor Emanuel had also entered Naples from the north, and Garibaldi immediately gave up his authority and his army to his sovereign, who thus became king of the whole of Italy, except the Papal States. This campaign, short and decisive, lasting but five months, was the most important in its results of all the campaigns conducted by Garibaldi, and on this his real claim to his country's gratitude must rest.

He now retired to his home in Caprera, but two years later we find him leading an army to attack the city of Rome. In a skirmish he was wounded and captured, and afterward returned to Caprera. In 1864 he visited England and was received with considerable enthusiasm; but, receiving a hint from official circles that his presence was embarrassing to the Government, he suddenly returned to his island home.

In 1866 he was again fighting the Austrians in Venetia and the Tyrol. Next year he organized another invasion of the States of the Church, hoping to make Rome the capital of Italy. He was defeated, captured, and sent home to Caprera. Escaping, he renewed the contest, and was again defeated. In 1870, he assisted France in her sad conflict with the Prussians, and conducted a campaign in the Vosges Mountains with

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Temperance Department.

WHY A DIRECTOR OF A BREWERY GAVE UP BEER.

BY JACOB SPAHN.

These, then, are the circumstances:

In 1877, having some money to invest, I became a stockholder in one of the large breweries of the city of Rochester. This city is noted, among drinkers, for both the supposed and alleged purity and excellence of its beer. A number of men had grown rich from the sale of the article there, and various companies for its fabrication were making money fast; so the outlook for myself and my investment appeared very prosperous. And during all this period I labored under the impression that what was put in the market by these lucky people and flourishing concerns, for general consumption, came up to the extraordinary claims made in its well patronized behalf, and was in all respects whatever it was alleged to be by the industrious venders and the affluent producers.

When the brewing company in which I invested was organized, my colleagues among the stockholders thought well enough of me to elect me into the board of directors, and these in turn thought so highly of me as to make me the secretary of the corporation, which, at that time, was looked upon as a flattering promotion. I had, prior to this, officiated for years as the attorney for several other breweries in the same beer-noted locality. My acquaintance with certain branches of the business was therefore extensive. My acquaintance with the *personnel* of the beer industry at Rochester was indeed complete. I had access to various of the breweries at all hours. But I never improved the opportunity thus obtained for rigid inspection or scrutiny of anything in or about the manufacture of beer, and what information has since come into my possession concerning American breweries, their products and their methods, fell to my lot in a manner most casual and accidental. But, nevertheless, it fell to my lot, and now I control it as absolutely as anything else that ever came under the purview of a man's five senses.

I might state that up to six weeks ago I was what is generally understood to be, in convivial circles "a moderate beer drinker." I am a moderate beer drinker no longer. In fact, I do not touch the beverage at all. And this after a daily indulgence in the same stretching over a period of several years. While possessed of no affinity for total abstinence and even while on record as a partisan of the liquor traffic, I stand today in the anomalous position of a man assailed for his convictions by that very traffic because he has raised his voice against the dishonest methods by which the brewers of his own locality impose a spurious, harmful and dangerous beverage upon the confiding consumer.

Let me detail how the singular revolution occurred. About the month of June, last year, I was unaccountably taken down with nervous prostration, coupled with an asthmatic difficulty—a trouble in breathing that rendered my nights sleepless and alarmed me to the extent of consulting a physician. I had had spells of the same kind before; none, however, so protracted and alarming. I did not know to what to attribute the same. They were apparently unaccountable. The man of medicine, when called in on the last occasion, sounded me, found all vital organs in good health, and learning that I was neither a smoker nor a drinker of distilled liquors, but knowing I took beer daily, startled me by holding that the mild and seemingly innocuous refreshment was alone responsible for my then serious physical plight, and had been the cause of every previous attack. He advised me to give beer up instanter! Did I obey? No. I was certain he erred. Besides, I had the firm assurance of brewers whom I informed of the cautious doctor's advice, that there was nothing in beer conducive to sickness, even when beer was partaken of in excess—mark, dear reader, that! So I threw the injunctions of physic to the winds, though I reduced the amount of beer I took daily to nearly half of what I had been accustomed to take. But my symptoms persisted. Indeed, it would appear that in proportion as I reduced my daily allowance of beer, the horrible asthmatic difficulties increased. I grew less capable of mental and physical exertion, until one evening during the present winter there was an attack, apparently superinduced by an effort to drink a cup of beef tea, that so nearly approached strangulation that a domestic was hurriedly dispatched for a physician. The symptoms of this attack were convulsive, a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial tubes, a disturbance of the function of swallowing, with a blanching of the complexion, of profuse perspiration, and a trembling of the limbs, much akin to that making the awful paroxysms of tetanus and hydrophobia. The doctor soon came, made what seemed to me a perfunctory examination, addressed some questions, advised—what?

Total abstinence from beer. He was not the physician whom I had consulted for the first attack.

"Why total abstinence from beer?" I straightway asked him.

You see, dear reader, the pleasantly consolatory assurance as to the purity and harmlessness of beer made to me by the brewers were still fresh in my memory, still rang in my ears, and still owned my belief and confidence, and I avowed as much. But the doctor, with a quiet smile, dispelled these agreeable fictions.

"'My dear Major,' said he "the beer brewed nowadays is bad. Strange stuff is put in it. It's no longer water, hops and malt. Avoid it as you would a noxious drug. It is, in the main, drugs, as bad as any poison, and you'd better not have recourse to it for adipose or stimulation. If you want to live long in this world, if you want to enjoy good health, you must cut beer out of the list of things you eat and drink. It is, as now fabricated, the deadliest foe to the resisting powers of nature against disease that human ingenuity has ever devised."

"Is this actually your conviction on the subject?" I exclaimed.

"Emphatically," he answered. "You are suffering from nothing but bad beer, spurious beer; and to prove it I will prescribe, not medicine but abstinence from the deleterious mixture. You must wean yourself entirely from it and you will grow well again. A little exercise of will power is all the prescription you need; exert that, and speedy restoration to health follows."

He departed. I was thunderstruck. Then I became thoughtful. Finally I grew puzzled, for the physician himself had often partaken of the beverage in my presence. At this juncture packages of strange goods came into my mind—packages I had observed in various Rochester brewery shipping offices during cursory business visits—bales, boxes, barrels of stuff seen time and again. The vision of one particular brewery office whose aspect was more like a chemist's laboratory than the sanctum of a functionary who superintends the simple operation of steeping a mixture of hops and malt and pure water, arose before my mind's eye. There suddenly flashed upon me the solution of all that puzzled me. Everything strange was accounted for. The otherwise inexplicable bales of quassia wood, the big parcels of hemlock bark, the bundles of tannin, the barrels of grape sugar, the packages of bi-carbonate of soda, which was fashioned forth in molded morsels shaped each like a candy lozenge—one per barrel of beer, to make it froth—the quarts upon quarts of salicylic acid and glycerine, the hundred-weights of isinglass to render the stuff translucent, and the strange recommendation of head brewers whenever hops and malt rose in price, that substitutes for these must be used till their price again fell to a figure commensurate with the market rate of beer by the barrel—all this I vividly recalled. It dawned upon me with a significance never possessed before.

I understood the doctor now. I saw stretched out before me a gigantic traffic from which a dozen men of my own good city of Rochester were rising into ill-gotten affluence—a traffic that ramified over the national domain and was alike dangerous to health and to life—a traffic founded upon the same species of vulgar fraud, in position and false pretence as that on which is raised the vending of such nostrums by itinerant charlatans. Then I sold my stocks in the brewery firm and raised my voice in public against the consumption of beer.—*Rochester N.Y., Jan. 15, 1884.*

GEORGE STEPHENSON,

THE INVENTOR.

We often wonder when we hear of some new invention—sewing machines, telegraphs, electric lights—and they are multiplying very fast these latter days. Did it ever occur to you that the temperance movement may have something to do with that? Certainly a man needs his wits about him; he needs the very best use of his brains, when he devises witty or wise inventions; and he cannot have the best use of his brains when they are steeped in alcohol. Until the temperance movement commenced almost everybody drank, and a great many, especially of the workingmen, cared more about the drink than about their work. It takes a man who loves his work to make any improvements in it or in the manner of doing it.

George Stephenson was an engineer, and loved his work. He did not care for the drink, and he soon found that it did not help him about his work. He saw, too, that it led men into idleness. At an age when most boys go in for pure play and a holiday whenever they can get it, George, who was then fireman for an engine in the coal mines, found himself with fellow-workmen who took a holiday for drinking and dog-fighting once a fortnight. Their stopping work stopped his engine, so that he could earn no wages that day (so the idle often injure the industrious), but he took the spare time to take his engine to pieces and see how it was made, or try experiments with it. The result was that he learned all about engines as they were made at that time, over eighty years ago. Engines had not then been made to draw cars nor run steamboats, though experiments had been made in both directions. George Stephenson, a poor lad, a fireman to an engine in a coal-pit, on less than five dollars a week, had little idea of all this, nor of the wonderful inventions he should yet "find out"; but he loved his work and he kept himself pure from the drink, and so he did not block his own path to success, as many another young lad had done.

One of the uses to which engines had been put was pumping water out of the coal mines, and at Killingworth, where George removed, he found an engine that had been at work for months trying in vain to pump out the water. George said he could improve the engine and make it draw out the water, so that the men could go to the bottom of the pit. He did it, and in less than five days the water was pumped out. This he could not have done but for the studies he had made while his companions were drinking and dog-fighting, nor if he had muddled his brains with alcohol. He got $50 for the job, and won the esteem of his employers so much that they made him engine-wright at $500 a year.

But do not imagine for a minute that people praised him for his temperance, for that reform had not then commenced. Probably he got many a slight and sneer from his companions who preferred drinking and dog-fighting, and even his employers might have thought him "queer," if not pretentious. Mr. Dodd, the superintendent of this very colliery at Killingworth, invited him into a public house one day to take a drink. This was intended as a compliment to the young workman, and George might easily have reasoned that it would be good policy for him not to refuse. But, instead, he modestly replied: "No, sir, you must excuse me. I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." We know how to do still better than that now, but at that date people had not even heard of a total abstinence pledge. Perhaps it was religious principle that kept him; for one Sunday, when Mr. Dodd went to see him on some business, he found him dressed in his best, and on his way to the Methodist chapel.

About this time there were many experiments in the way of engines to draw carriages, but the inventors met with great difficulties. George Stephenson set himself to make an engine for this purpose, and on the 14th of July, 1814, it was completed and placed on the Killingworth Railway. It succeeded in drawing eight carriages of thirty tons weight at four miles an hour. This was a great triumph for Stephenson, and he determined to make railways popular and common, though he was yet only an enginewright in a colliery. But he succeeded grandly, working with and for others but carrying out his own ideas mostly. His first great undertaking was a railway between London and Manchester. When a bill for it was first proposed in Parliament, with the proposition to have an engine to go twelve miles an hour, it was contemptuously thrown out with exclamation, "As well trust yourself on the back of a Congreve rocket." But the road was completed at last (in 1829), and the first train ran thirty-five miles an hour, drawn by Stephenson's locomotive, which he wittily named the "Rocket." After this Stephenson had all he could do in the line of building railways, both at home and abroad, and even kings sent for him to consult with him. He died in 1848.

His eldest son, Robert, to whom he gave a fine education, honored his father greatly and worked with him in many of his enterprises, and at last became a member of Parliament. When the latter died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.—*Julia Colman in Leaflets for Young People.*

AT A RECENT meeting of the Reform Club, of Topeka, Kansas, a reformed man who had stood unshaken in his total abstinence principles for ten years, made this confession: "I was in Topeka last week in attendance upon the G. A. R. meeting, and in an evil hour I forgot God. My old appetite for drink came upon me with such force that had I been able to find a place where liquor could have been gotten, I should have fallen. I would have given my right arm almost for a drink." Praise God that the saloons in Topeka are closed, and that this tried and tempted man was thus saved to himself and his family.—*Union Signal.*

A DRAM SHOP reduces "loafing" to a fine art. It is a convenient place to "drop into." Some of the "boys" are always on hand. There is constantly something to hear or see. Games for the idle hour are ever ready. Drinks are forthcoming at any moment, and stories and songs fill in the intervals. All are invited and welcome to stay. And thus the dram shop is continually turning the active and industrious into the idle and shiftless. Thus it is a standing peril to the children in its neighborhood.—*Prof. Foster.*

ONE OF THE LEADING PROFESSORS of chemistry in a leading medical college in Chicago, stated before his class in a recent lecture: "Alcohol is a poison just as much as anything else is a poison." Another prominent physician said to his class last week, "Lager beer contains twelve percent of alcohol." He also said, "Men drink lager for the alcohol that is in it." You are asked now to put these three facts together and reflect a moment on what you are doing for yourself when you drink a glass of beer!

THE CHURCH SHOULD BANISH from her communion table all intoxicating wines She should never put a temptation in the path of one struggling for victory over a terrible appetite and still chafing in its chains. She should never deprive such, knowing their weakness and danger, of the enjoyment and benefits of the Lord's Supper by using the ordinary wine of commerce. She should not substitute the product of the vat for the appointed "fruit of the vine."—*Union Signal.*

A BOY MURDERER suffered the extreme penalty of the law, in Ohio not long since. As he stood upon the scaffold, his pitiful appeal to the men of Ohio was this: "That rope means first a glass of poisoned lemonade, at last a bottle of rum, and over in that saloon now filled with boys and men, my ruin was wrought, Oh! let me implore you with my dying breath, close the saloons as you love your boys; close them for their protection!"

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON the eminent scientist, in addressing a recent meeting in London, said that "the temperance cause will never win its way, until all the women in the kingdom, and throughout the civilized world are embarked in the enterprise of temperance."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE POETRY OF HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"What a curious expression — 'The poetry of housework'—Oh, Aunty!"

"And did you never think, Nell, that housework had its poetry?"

"I? No, indeed. It is slop and muss from morning till night. Hands spoiled, temper spoiled, time thrown away, brains wasted!"

"That is putting it very strongly."

"I feel strongly on that subject."

"But housework, like everything else, has two sides. I fear you have seen only the wrong side."

"It is all wrong side to me. Those who have sufficient keenness of vision to discern a right side to housework should be the housekeeper, that is all I have to say."

Nell was a young wife, fresh from boarding-school; and having married a poor man, had undertaken to do without a servant. Her Aunt Ellen, for whom she was named, feeling sure that there would be trouble in the new home within a month, had very opportunely made a visit, arriving at the moment when "little Nell," as she was called, was at the last gasp of discouragement.

And now to have Aunt Ellen come into that disorderly kitchen, where soiled dish-towels, and broken china, and little stacks of dry bread, and sticky pots and pans formed a terrible combination, and talk about the poetry of housework—that was a little to much.

"You have heard me speak of my grandmother," said Aunt Ellen, as she tied on a wide kitchen-apron, taken from the depths of her travelling bag.

Nell smiled with as much brightness as she could call to her face under the circumstances. Aunt Ellen was always dragging her grandmother forward, metaphorically speaking, to serve as an example to her idle, or careless, or ignorant nieces.

"I was once at my grandmother's when I was your age, and hated housework quite as rancorously. It was cleaning-day, and she was scouring her kitchen tables, giving vigorous rubs, after it seemed to me as white as need be. I made some scornful remark about wasting strength, and grandmother said 'Perfect freshness and cleanliness is the poetry of housework.' I can see the dear old lady now—her spotless cap, her calico dress with its little cape, and her blue-checked gingham apron. By the way, Nell, have you no kitchen-apron?"

The young wife shook her head languidly.

"Your education has been neglected. No kitchen-apron! No holders! Dear me! We must go to work this very afternoon and make a kitchen outfit. No wonder you burn your fingers, using a piece of stiff paper to open the oven door. Fie!"

Nell looked down at her white, Hamburgh-edged apron, and then at her blistered hand.

"It is a bother to fuss about such little things," she said, with a discontented look on her handsome, intellectual face.

Aunt Nell was too busy at that minute to answer. In an incredibly short time she had gathered the soiled towels and put them to soak in warm water, had rinsed the stale bread and laid it aside to be dried in the oven and grated, had made a strong suds from the Frank Siddall soap and with a bit of sacking had cleansed the sink till it was perfectly fresh. She set Nell to removing the dishes from the pantry shelves, and in a little while they were restored to clean, sweet quarters. The pantry floor was cleaned, Aunt Ellen getting heroically on her hands and knees, and the benches were fragrant and spotless.

Nell's eyes brightened. She breathed easier. The place, as far as they had gone, was so sweet and clean and neat.

"Why," she said, quite forgetting her former disgust, "I'd like to make something. I mean cake or cookies, or something. I am just tempted to go to work. And how pleasant the sunshine is! I have hated to see the sunshine in this place."

Aunt Ellen laughed. Nell laughed. The clean pantry seemed to laugh too. In a few minutes more the dish-towels, a dozen of them, wrung from hot water, were drying in the sun.

"Sally Briggs shall come and clean the kitchen," said Nell.

"And then we'll begin again," said Aunt Ellen. "The rest of the house looks fairly well already."

"Oh, yes. I've always kept the parlor and our room pretty nice."

"Well, well, there's excuse enough for you. When you learn to love your kitchen as well as your parlor and 'our room,' it will be all right. In a certain sense, a house rightly managed keeps itself clean. When our work gets ahead of us it isn't easy to overtake it.

"Oh, I've been so discouraged, auntie!" pleaded the little wife. "But I see now, perhaps not very plainly, what you mean by the poetry of housework. The more than clean enough, the freshness added after the place is what some call decent, that is the poetry."

"We might say," answered Aunt Ellen, "that all poetry consists in the more than enough." You have hit the subject capitally. I shouldn't have patience to take so much pains with you if you wern't so intelligent."

Afterwards, making kitchen aprons of blue and white gingham, on the easy running sewing-machine,—a present, by the way, from Aunt Ellen, they took up the subject again.

"I was really happy getting dinner today," said Nell. "My new holder, and my clean, wide apron, and the false sleeves you made for me, the more-than-clean-enough kitchen, quite raised my spirits. And when Charley came in he kissed me and said I didn't know what a relief it was to him to see me look so much brighter. Why he had actually been thinking of giving up our home, and boarding."

"There's a fairy in soap-suds," said Aunt Ellen, "and scrubbing liberates her, and she laughs and sings, and people wonder what makes the place so pleasant."

"Well, I'm sure there's a demon in dirt," said Nell, smiling at her aunt's words.

"It is demon *versus* fairy with all housekeepers," was the answer. "And I'm sure there is no longer a question which will be in the ascendant in this house."—*Standard.*

HINTS.

Keep to the right.

Never put on your gloves in the street.

A lady usually bows first to a gentleman.

Never aspire to be what you are not. Such a disposition will keep you in a suds of aggravation and disappointment continually.

Rarely linger on the street to talk, as you obstruct the passers by. Turn back and walk with your friend, if you desire to converse.

A gentleman always opens a door or a gate for a lady, and lets her pass before him. No matter if she is a stranger; he shows her the same politeness.

Be simple in your habits; allow your wants to be few; you will have more time for improvement, more money for useful purposes, and a much more healthy body and vigorous mind.

Never yawn, anywhere, without covering the mouth with the hand. We observed a pretty girl in blue velvet, crossing Boston Common. While we were looking at her she opened her mouth wide in yawning. Her beauty and good manners disappeared together.

A gentleman lifts his hat to every lady acquaintance, and to every gentleman if he has a lady with him. It is a growing and delightful custom for men to lift their hats to other men. This is practised in Norway, the most polite country we have ever seen.

Avoid smoking or chewing tobacco in the presence of ladies—indeed, do not smoke at all. It is a most filthy and wasteful habit. But, if you will not reform in this particular, have enough manly courtesy to refrain from so selfish a habit when in the presence of those to whom it is offensive.—*Minnehaha.*

VEAL CUTLET.—Veal requires more cooking than any meat except pork. It is too dry to broil, and is best fried and served with nice gravy. It should be fried slowly, and if there is not enough of its own fat to fry it, a little fresh suet or butter should be used. When it is done, remove the meat to a platter pour some milk or water in the pan. Moisten some flour with a little milk and stir it in the gravy. Bread toasted and cut into small square pieces and placed around the edge of the dish is very nice; then pour the gravy around over toast. Serve immediately.

I WANT TO TELL what we did for our year-old baby when she was badly scalded. Haven't we read time after time what was good for burns? Of course we have, but we neglected to "stick a pin there," and oh! how helpless we did feel as we held the screaming little one in our arms, and couldn't remember any of the many things we had read about that were good. But somewhere we had read that a paste of flour and water would ease the pain. Hastily preparing some, we covered the whole raw surface with it. The result was magical. To our intense relief and astonishment, in fifteen minutes or less, the convulsive sobbing and twitching had ceased, and soon our little patient was asleep. When she awoke she was ready to sit on her mother's lap, and laugh and play, and she slept nearly all the first night, when we had feared none of us would sleep at all. The next day or two we applied a simple poultice as the burn was a deep one, to take out the swelling and inflammation, and afterwards we dressed it with carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and lime water, which is, I believe, the best dressing known for soothing and healing burns and scalds. The little one got along very nicely, not suffering much except when the burn was being dressed, and although the place was six weeks or more in healing, she did not take cold in it, nor have any drawback. You who have little ones, write this on the "blackboard of your memory": Raw flour paste, then sweet oil and lime. During my stay in a western sanitarium, a dozen people who were scalded in a railway accident, were brought there for treatment, and the carron oil was the chief healing agent relied on there.—*Household.*

APPLE MERINGUE PUDDING.—Prepare eight large tart apples as for sauce, and drop in them while hot one-fourth of a teacup of fresh butter. When cold, add the well beaten yolks of four eggs, one pint of cracker or bread crumbs, sweet milk sufficient to convert this mixture into a thin batter, and sugar to suit the taste. Pour into a baking dish lined with nice pastry rolled out quite thin, and place in a hot oven. Have ready the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, and mixed with one teacup of white sugar, and a few drops of lemon extract. When the pudding begins to brown heap the beaten whites, flavored and sweetened as already mentioned, upon the top of it, return it to the stove, and bake to a light brown.

WHEN A CARPET is taken up to be cleansed, the floor beneath is generally covered with dust. This dust has been in most cases a long time accumulating, and is very fine, very dry, and very injurious. It often contains minute poisonous germs, which rise rapidly in the air with the dust. If inhaled, the lungs suffer much from this fine dust. It is well before sweeping to sprinkle the floor with dilute carbolic acid by aid of a white-wash brush. This dilution kills any poisonous germs that may be in the dust, and also renders the floor sweet in other respects.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—One division of a cake of chocolate dissolved in a little water. To this put one pint of new milk and the yolks of three eggs. Put the chocolate into the milk and boil a few minutes. Sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and then pour it, boiling hot, on the eggs, which have been previously beaten till light. Return all to the kettle, and stir rapidly until it thickens, or is upon the point of boiling, when it must instantly be poured off and set aside to grow cold.

GOOD LUNCHEON DISH.—Boil a pound of soaked codfish and when cold mince it fine. Heat a cup of drawn butter, stir in the fish pepper to taste, mix in well two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; butter a baking dish; pour in the fish, strew fine dry crumbs on top, and set in the oven until delicately browned. Cold, fresh cod, halibut, or other firm, white fish is very good prepared in this manner.

BOILED CUSTARD.—Eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten together, two quarts of fresh sweet milk, and one-half pound of sugar. Flavor to suit the taste with essence of lemon or some other flavoring extract. Boil, and stir all the time to prevent coagulation.

IF GREASE OR OIL is spilled on a carpet sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible; let it lie for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

First.

When solid and golden
And sweet, I'm delicious;
But often my color's
A matter suspicious.

Second.

The housewife pursues me,
As if 'twere a duty;
But many a scientist
Dwells on my beauty.

Whole.

On sunshine and honey
I'm ever a feaster;
And sometimes men call me
An emblem of Easter.

CROSSWORD-ENIGMA.

My first is in down, but not in up:
My second in tumbler and also in cup;
My third is in steep, but not in high;
My fourth is in heat, but not in dry;
My whole very often gets into your eye.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE.

1. Take an abbreviation denoting an assemblage from the faculty of voluntary agency, and leave a race of people.

2. Take a sip from to imagine, and leave to set.

3. Take to fume from a vessel, and leave to transport on the water.

4. Take a quagmire from a bird (species of warbler,) and leave a plant of the genus *juncas.*

5. Take a term sometimes applied to the weather department from likely, and leave competent.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Curtail a masculine ornament and leave an animal; behead and leave a part of the head.

2. Curtail a Scottish title of nobility and leave a retreat of wild animals; behead and leave something essential to life.

3. Curtail a color and leave a part of the face; behead and leave a fight.

4. Curtail a royal possession and leave a bird; behead and leave an orderly arrangement.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TWO WORD CHARADE.—Arctic circle.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—L-air-d, L-ass-o, L-ear-n, L-eve-e, G-ran-t, K-ha-n, P-lover, R-ent-e.

NONSENSE RHYMES.—Danube, Rhone, Rhine, Saone, Dneister, Seine.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—For every egg allow two tablespoonfuls of milk. Warm milk in skillet, add a little butter, salt and pepper; when nearly to a boiling point, drop in the eggs; with a spoon or knife gently cut the eggs, and scrape the mixture up from the bottom of the dish as it cooks. If it begins to cook dry and fast at the bottom, move the dish back, for success depends on cooking gently and evenly. Take from stove before it has quite all thickened, and continue turning it up from bottom of dish a moment longer. Have the dish in which you serve it already heated. If properly cooked, it should be in large flakes of mingled white and yellow, making a very delicate as well as palatable dish.

MOTHER'S BREAD.—One quart of corn meal, made into mush with water. When sufficiently boiled, cool with sweet milk. Spread four quarts of best flour in the bread-bowl, adding one cup of hop yeast, one dessertspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of sweet butter. Stir it well, and let it rise over night. Bake in an oven well heated. Be sure to bake before the first sweetness is gone. When well baked, wrap it lightly in a bread cloth, to ripen. The mush must not be allowed to get lumpy and stiff when boiling.

HARD TIMES PUDDING.—One-half pint of molasses or syrup, one-half pint of water, two small teaspoonfuls of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Thicken with sifted flour until the pudding batter becomes as thick as cup cake batter. Pour the pudding batter into a mould or pudding boiler, half full, to allow for enlargment; Boil three hours, and serve with or without sauce. It tastes nicer dressed with butter or cream sauce.

IF THE BRASS TOP of a kerosene lamp has come off, it may be repaired with plaster of paris wet with a little water, and will be as strong as ever.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.

DR. MEADOWS.

"Davie, I want you to go up to Sunnyside this morning, with this new medicine for Master Wilfred. His father has consented to try it at last, but he ought to take it before dinner, so make haste."

"Yes, sir; I've left all the medicine you put out in the surgery."

"That's a good boy; and I find you mixed those powders as well as I could have done them myself. I shall make a doctor of you yet."

"You'd make anything of anybody," said Davie, with something like a sob in his voice; "there ain't not a boy in the market-place would know me now."

"No, you don't look much like the little chap I found lying asleep under the glare of the policeman's bull's-eye."

"He were a-going to take me to the work'us, weren't he?"

"Yes, but I told him that I could get you into the Royal Home, so he gave you up to me, but the Home was full, and I could not turn you adrift, so I had to trust you as my errand-boy, and I shall trust you no longer unless you hurry now to Sunnyside."

Davie rushed off with the bottle; he loved going to Sunnyside, for little Wilfred was quite a hero to him, and the strong, healthy boy was no less a wonder in the eyes of poor Wilfred.

When Dr. Joyce's partner, Dr. Meadows, brought the outcast into the surgery at Mereham, and told how he had found him asleep beside a dead woman on the bridge, Dr. Joyce at once declared he was a gaol-bird, and said he should not be employed in that surgery.

But Dr. Meadows had taken a fancy to the little red-haired fellow, which was not at all surprising, since he always did take a fancy to anything or anybody helpless, and he declared he meant to befriend the lad.

"Since we share the surgery," said he, "let him do his work at my end, and you can get another lad to carry out your prescriptions."

Davie, however, had been at his post more than a year, and both partners knew him now as a sharp, trustworthy boy; Doctor Joyce had ceased to treat him slightingly, and though always stern, he sometimes praised his quickness and ability.

But Dr. and Mrs. Meadows—he said it was his wife, and his wife said it must be the baby—between them had done a Christ-like work towards the little outcast. Who would have recognized in their smart, bright-faced "buttons" the little gaol-bird who looked to the darkened sky and said, "Our Father?"

Doctor Meadows believed in Davie's innocence of the theft, and Davie knew he believed it. This was the first source of the great influence he possessed with the child; in Davie's eyes, Doctor Meadows was nearly perfect. He it was who clothed, fed, and housed him when the managers of the Boys' Home found their rooms so crowded that they were compelled to refuse another inmate; he it was who conquered Davie's fear of Dr. Joyce, and who taught the lad to read, write, and work sums for an hour every evening; he it was above all who gave Davie a place in his Sunday-school class, and by word and example led him to the Saviour who had shown him the evil of he past, and taken all Davie's

"AND NOW THE HYMN, DAVIE DEAR."

poor little heart for His own for ever and ever.

When the boy reached Sunnyside, he was told that Wilfred was so ill as to be in bed, and he was turning sadly away, when the doctor called him saying, "Willie likes to chat with you; go up and have dinner with him; I'll tel Meadows I kept you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the boy in great delight.

"But mind, not one word of church talk; I hear you've been putting all sorts of notions into my lad's head, about things that will frighten him to death."

"No, indeed, sir; I wouldn't frighten him for all the world. I only told him as how Jesus wouldn't never let us keep in the coffin if we trust in Him. Doctor Meadows says we go to heaven; and Master Willie was so feared of the coffin."

"No talk of coffins here, and no talk of Jesus," said the doctor, striking his fist on the table, and making Davie shake in his shoes. "I don't believe in Him, and I don't choose to have religion brought into my house. You must not go near my lad unless you promise to avoid the subject altogether."

"Not talk of Jesus, sir!" cried Davie, blankly.

"Not a word."

"But, please, sir, I must; I loves Him best of all."

"See here, Davie—the boy frets after you—it's only a little thing I ask. And if you please me in this, I'll give you half a crown."

Now Davie had tried long to purchase a pair of tiny blue shoes for Dr. Meadows' baby girl, but was yet some distance short of the price; the money therefore seemed a temptation at first, but only for a moment.

"Please, sir, — it's no good promising—I couldn't help talking about Jesus. And Master Wilfred—I does love him, too—suppose he was to get lost, and me know it was for the want of me telling him?"

"You telling him! you teach a gentleman's son!"

"I know he's a gentleman, sir, but nobody hain't told him about Jesus."

"You are an impudent fellow; get out of the house."

"Please, sir," said the frightened voice, "I didn't go for to be imp'dent, please, sir."

Away down the garden he went, but ere he reached the gate, the doctor's voice came after him. "Here, you young chatterbox, go and keep my lad company, while I see my patients, and don't let him push off the bed-clothes."

A happy boy was Davie when Wilfred's little white hands lay in his own after dinner, and the child learnt from him some of the texts that the doctor had taught him at the Sunday-school.

Willie never talked now of getting well; he understood better than any one else did that he would soon leave his dear home of Sunnyside; but now that he had heard of the Friend "beyond all others," his little voice framed many a secret prayer to the Lord who was able to take care of him all along the dark valley.

"And now the hymn, Davie dear," said he; "I showed father the hymn-book you gave me, and all he said was, 'Don't sing too much—it will hurt your chest!' But what do you think? Mother had a Bible, like yours, for auntie has been keeping it all this time; I heard her talking about it to papa, and he says I may have any book of hers I like, so I'll have a Bible of my own.

"And you can read so beautiful, Master Willie! I wish I could read like you."

"Oh, you can do lots more than I can, but I'll be strong when I go to Jesus, won't I Davie? Now do sing to me once before you go;" and the doctor, opening the door of his consulting-room, heard two boyish voices, one strong and clear, and the other, oh, how feeble! blended in the low sweet hymn—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

* * * * * *

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood."

CHAPTER V.

GOING HOME.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring; the river danced in the sunlight, the trees were budding into sweet, fresh green, and the sky was of a deep cloudless blue.

By the river-bank went Davie, whistling for gladness of heart; good Dr. Meadows sent him every day now, when his morning work was done, to the Board School at Bankside, and though at present in a very low class, the master said that if he continued to work as well as he was doing at present, he should soon be quite proud of him as a pupil. The Board School was not very far from Sunnyside; Willie could hear the boys shouting in the play-ground, and the voice of the master who drilled them. He lay listening to the sounds of life and health very patiently on his bed; this mild, fair weather had made no change in little Willie's health.

Every one — save Dr. Joyce — could see that the darling of the house was "wearing away to the land of the leal"; but the doctor himself either could not or would not admit that Wilfred was worse. He sent for an eminent physician from London, besides getting Dr. Meadows every day to see the boy, for, skilled doctor though he was, he would not trust his own ability alone for his son. Dr. Meadows had long since told him very gently that lung disease had set in hopelessly, and all the physician said was, "While there is life, there is hope." But Dr. Joyce called them a pair of croakers, and bade his sister keep up Willie's strength with jelly and beef-tea and new-laid eggs; she noticed, however, that he hung about the boy with a very anxious face, and he would suffer none but himself to undertake the night-nursing of the little invalid.

As the school was so near, Davie often called to ask after Willie, who never failed to invite him to stay to tea; he liked to hear of the boys' classes and games, but oh! how much more eagerly did the dying boy drink in the sound of the "Name to sinners dear."

This afternoon Miss Joyce was watching at the garden gate for him. "Doctor Joyce is in Mereham," she said, speaking in an agitated voice; "do find him for us, Davie. He went to some patient who has had an operation in the workhouse infirmary, but he may have gone elsewhere now. Run, Davie—Willie is so ill."

The whistling stopped, and tears filled Davie's eyes, as he rushed forward as though possessed of wings; he loved Willie so dearly that he had often felt as though he would like to bear his weary pain so as to give him ease.

The infirmary was at the other end of Mereham, and to Davie's relief, the doctor's carriage was standing at the door.

"I must not frighten him," he thought, trying to frame his message gently; but just then the doctor came out, and seeing the breathless boy, his face went ghastly white.

"Willie!" was all he could say; and Davie nodded, for the doctor's agitation frightened him out of speech.

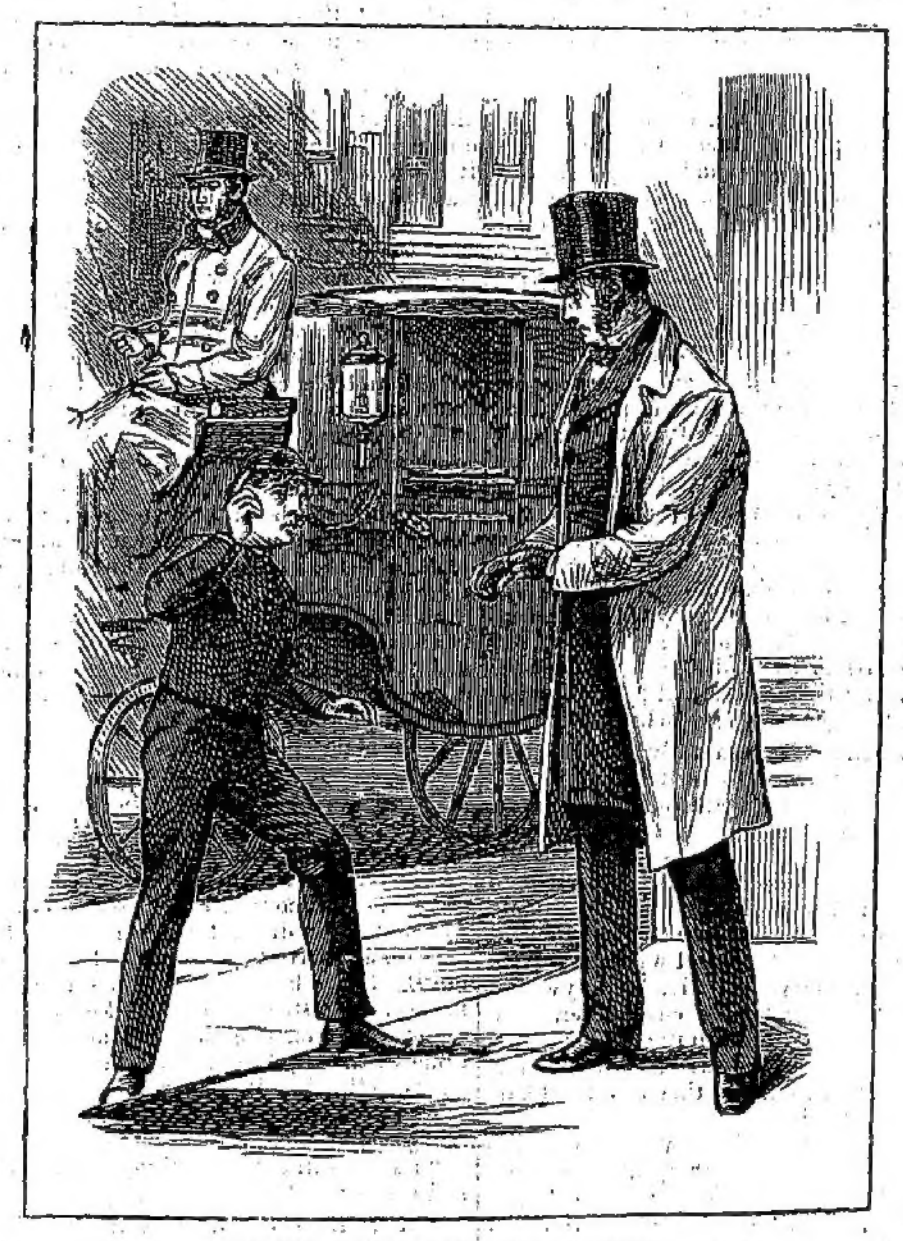
The doctor tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it.

"Dr. Meadows is in there," said he; "give this to him; when he is done with the young man, he must come at once."

The carriage rolled away, and Davie asking for Dr. Meadows was shown into a large ward, where the doctor stood beside the bed of a youth, whose leg was to have been removed, but the doctors had found to-day that there was hope of saving it.

"He ain't of much account," said one of the male nurses in a whisper to Davie, whom he knew well by this time; "hurt himself in breaking into a house; he ought to be in the prison infirmary by rights, but it was an old lady's house, and she wouldn't prosecute him 'cause of his leg being wounded."

Davie gave the note to Dr. Meadows, and turned towards the patient. Their eyes met. Jarvis did not recognize the doctor's page, but Davie knew him directly. Davie had prayed for this; ever since he had learnt to love Jesus, he had prayed for Jarvis, as the one who had "despitefully" used him, and he longed to do good to the evil associates of the life from which he had been rescued. Many a little wanderer had Davie brought within the influence of the ragged-school and Sunday-school, but he had never been able to see Ben Jarvis, though he had even sought for him once in the "penny gaff."



DAVIE ACCOSTING DR. JOYCE.

"Doctor," said he, "it's Jarvis."

"Eh, what? he gave his name as Jones."

"Well, it is Jarvis," whispered Davie, "and he don't know me."

"You can remain here with him awhile if you like; I don't want him to sleep just yet, for his wounds are to be dressed when Mr. Drew comes round. I must go up to Sunnyside; don't you come there, for Willie will want to see you, and he ought to keep quiet."

The doctor moved away, and Davie sat down quietly by the bed.

"I say, young buttons!" cried Jarvis, peevishly, "you're a nice nurse; I'd knock down ten of you, but for this leg."

"Does it hurt you very much, Jarvis?"

"Why! its 'Red Dave,' I declare; to think of seeing 'Carrots' in buttons; your master don't know as how you was in the lock-up, do he?"

"Yes, he does, Jarvis; I'm Dr. Meadows' boy, and he knows all about it!"

"Blessed if he does! you don't know all about it!"

"I think I do, Jarvis; but won't you have a drink of this milk?"

Jarvis drank it feverishly. "Something queer has come over you, Davie; I suppose you're too grand to go to the 'penny gaff' now?"

"Grand, Jarvis! Fancy calling me grand! No; but, Jarvis I never go there. I've signed a paper never to touch strong drink, and that's about all they does there. But I did go once—I wanted to find you out."

"Look here," said Jarvis, suddenly, "if it will make you squarer with your master, you can tell him as how I knows you never took that purse. I slipped it into your jacket, Dave; but I didn't feel like being locked up. They've caught me twice since then, though, and if that old girl hadn't begged me off, I'd have been in prison now. Ain't she a brick, Dave? Blessed if she didn't send me some sponge cakes and oranges yesterday. The folks say as how she comes and reads to them here once a week."

"Oh yes, I know her, it's Mrs. Bryant, a great friend of my mistress. I'm so glad, dear Jarvis, and oh! so glad you confessed about the purse. I knew you must have done it, and I have asked Jesus to forgive you."

"Don't you feel like punching my head, though?"

"No, Jarvis; but do ask Jesus to forgive you."

"What's the good? It ain't only that—I've done a sight of bad things; it's only one like you as could forgive me."

"But, Jarvis, Jarvis, I forgive you because I want to be like Jesus; oh, do try Him! There ain't nobody forgives like Jesus."

"They learnt me about Him when I was a little chap, and lived with grandfather; but when he died I was turned out in the streets, and I've forgot everything, I think. Oh dear! how this leg hurts——"

"Shall I ask Jesus to make it better, Jarvis? There ain't nobody minding us."

"'Tain't no use, lad; Jesus'd think it served me well right; the bobbies said so when they picked me up."

"Jesus never says that," said Davie; "it ain't in the Bible nowhere; I believe He pities you all the time, and I'm a-going to tell Him all about it;" and putting his head down beside the pillow of the astonished Jarvis, Davie whispered — "Saviour, our Saviour, save Jarvis, and make Him sorry he has done wrong things, and take this pain away, and show him how Thou dost forgive him, much more than I do—and I forgive him with all my heart—for Thy Name's sake. Please Jarvis, say 'Amen.'"

"Amen," said Jarvis; but nobody didn't listen to you. How could God hear you a-whispering like that?"

"I don't know how He can, but He does," said Davie firmly; "I feels it inside my heart."

Here the dresser came up to attend to Jarvis, who looked at Davie eagerly, and said, "Come and see a chap sometimes won't you?"

"Indeed I will, whenever master can spare me. And I'll tell mistress what ward you are in; she brings the children here sometimes. I wish you could see our baby, little Miss Daisy. Good-bye, Jarvis; I hope your leg will leave off hurting you."

But ere he left the ward he returned, and laid silently on Jarvis' bed his chief treasure—a little Testament that had been found in the basket of the old woman who died on the bridge, and that Dr. Meadows had secured for him, writing the names of the two outcasts together, first "Betty" and then "Davie."

It was very hard to part from it, but very sweet to give up something precious for Jesus Christ's sake

* * * *

(To be continued.)

The Family Circle.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

"Oh, thank you, father. How kind you are!"

Sallie Harper and her father stood on the doorsteps of Mrs. Slater's house in Groton, one February afternoon, saying good-bye to each other. He had brought her over that forenoon from their home in Plainfield, twenty miles away, to attend the spring term of Groton Academy, and was now ready to return home. The horse and sleigh were there by the steps, old Jack hanging down his head in drowsy patience while Mr. Harper and Sallie said their last words. He had taken out his old-fashioned wallet, and from its not numerous contents had drawn a crisp new five dollar bill and handed it to Sallie, thus calling forth the thanks we heard at the outset.

"Take care of it, my girl, and make a good use of it. You know five-dollar bills are not very plentiful at our house. I don't see but you are supplied with everything, far as I know, books and paper, and pencils and all that."

"I'm sure I can't think of anything more I want," said Sallie.

"Not now, but wants keep coming like weeds in June, new ones starting every day. So it's best to be provided with the wherewith to meet them. But probably this will be all you will need for the whole term."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure it will," said Sallie, as her father got into the sleigh.

"I hope so, but in case you need anything more, buy it of Streeter & Sampson across the street, and have it charged to me. They're a good square firm to deal with, and they know who I am. I've known Jonas Streeter ever since I was your age. His father was deacon of our church a great many years."

"You're the best father a girl ever had," said Sallie, looking wistfully into the dear face. They had never been parted before, but Sallie was sixteen now, and both fond parents thought she ought to have a term at Groton Academy.

"Well, be a good girl, Sallie," he said bending his rough face to be kissed by her fresh sweet lips. "Write home often; you know how much we shall miss you. If the cars ran between our town and here, we should have you home every week. But as long as we have to come with a team, it's quite a chore. If we are all well we shan't expect to see you for eleven weeks. Good-by, dear. Get up, Jack!"

Sallie watched her father out of sight, and then went into the house, and up stairs to her room. Her room-mate had not come yet, so she had it all to herself, and was not ashamed to sit down and have a good little homesick cry. Her overcharged feelings thus relieved, she went to unpacking her trunk and putting her things away, amusing herself by bright visions of the pleasant and profitable times she meant to have at Groton. "How hard I will study, how much I will accomplish, and how pleased and proud they will be when I go home at the end of the term." And then the tea-bell rang.

School commenced the next day, also her room-mate and two more fellow-boarders appeared on the scene. Clarine Anthony, Sallie's room-mate, was a homeless orphan, with limited means and almost unlimited independence, yet with a frank manner that pleased Sallie at the outset. Across the hall were Mary Stimson, whose father was almost a millionnaire, and Lottie Penway, the sweet, blue-eyed daughter of a poor minister's widow.

In a very short space of time the four girls became acquainted, and began to feel at home with each other. Clarine was a fluent and racy talker, and freely confided the history of her life to Sallie. She was also free to criticise Sallie's ways and belongings, and Sallie somehow soon found many of her formerly cherished treasures looking mean and worthless to her simply because Clarine decried them.

Sallie's wardrobe was ample as far as comfort and amount went, and her sensible mother had brought her up to prefer comfort to show, and to feel that good and abundant underclothing was more necessary than gay outside wear. And she could but wonder at Clarine's taste, that affected only the very best boots and gloves while she possessed barely a change of underclothing, and that of the plainest and cheapest kind. Yet, for all that she came to regard Clarina as a sort of oracle on matters of dress, and many a little article of dress or ornament did she buy, not to please herself, but because Clarine thought she ought to have it.

Mary Stimson was lavishly fitted out in every respect, yet was so deficient in airs that she wore her elegant things in as matter-of-course a fashion as she did her abundant hair and brown eyes. Her father's wealth never seemed to excite a particle of vanity in her mind, and she positively appeared to feel that Lottie Penway's very plain though neat apparel was just as good as her own. Mary made friends everywhere. Those who at first only envied her, soon forgot their envy in admiration of her genial good-nature. Lottie was one of the most amiable of mortals, and they could but harmonize perfectly.

The four girls at Mrs. Slater's soon got to having fine times together, all in a quiet way. Mrs. Slater's table was good and abundant, and as rich as schoolgirls ought to indulge in, but who does not know a schoolgirl's passion for goodies, especially when there is no mother's cupboard or apple-bin to go to for odd lunches. And so it came to pass that on Saturday evenings it was quite the thing for them to have a quiet little spread among themselves. They all studied well during the week, but there was no study hours on Saturday evenings, and it was pleasant to have a nice cosey supper in one room and the other alternately. Of course neither Clarine nor Lottie could be expected to contribute much towards these spreads. As Clarine said "Everybody knows I'm poor as a church mouse, and haven't a penny to call my own, but I'm willing to be a 'hewer of wood and drawer of water.' I can get together table and chairs, and contrive tablecloth and dishes, while Lottie puts on the fancy touches, makes bouquets out of nothing, and pays her way just by being sweet." Mary and Sallie would put on their hats, lock arms, and go out to "forage," as they called it. With crackers and confectionery, fruit and nuts, they would get up a very tempting supper, they two sharing equally the expense, which, though a mere nothing to Mary's purse, was a positive drain on Sallie's. It was not at all wonderful that before the term was half out she found she had less than a dollar left.

"This won't do," she said to herself; "I must do all my trading hereafter at Streeter & Sampson's, and save this for postage and such things. And I will be more economical, too," she resolved.

But she lacked moral courage to say so to the other girls, so the spreads were gotten up as usual. To herself she said that it was doing a kindness to Clarine and Lottie to help them to these pleasant hours, which, situated as they both were, they could never have without help; and she flattered herself she could present that view of the case to her parents at home if they ever came to object to her bills of expense. It never seemed to occur to Mary that Sallie's pennies were as important as her own dollars, and Sallie's *false* pride, which would never allow her to say before Mary those four simple words, "I can't afford it," stood quite in the way of Mary's ever coming to realize the matter as it really was. So, after all, the only change there came to be after Sallie found her purse so low was that she did all her trading with Streeter & Sampson, because, as she said, "I have credit there;" and her credit being unlimited, she, though unintentionally, used it far beyond what she ought.

The first time Sallie had her purchases charged she made due entry of them in a little blank-book in her room, and while she meant to be very saving about buying, she also meant to be very careful to put it all down. But the next time she forgot to put it down, and the next time after the book was mislaid, and another time she forgot whether the amount was thirty-six cents or forty-six, and finally she neglected it so long that she concluded it would be only a partial account at the best, and she might as well, not keep any. Her father had said nothing to her about keeping the account herself, and the clerk at Streeter & Sampson's was the soul of honor, so it was just as well probably. So it came to pass that not much more than a half dollar's worth was all she ever entered in her little red-covered book, while the book at Streeter & Sampson's showed an account growing like pig-weed in June, a mushroom in the night, or a healthy scandal.

March "came in like a lion and went out like a lamb." April and new sugar followed, and spring fashions and spring costumes came on the tapis Streeter and Sampson brought on their new goods, and oh, there were so many pretty things!

"My school boots are getting so shabby I believe I must have some new ones," said Sallie.

"Put on your best ones for school wear, and buy some real nice ones," counselled Clarine. "Of course, *I* don't set myself up as a pattern in dress, for I am a homeless orphan, and have to take what I can get; but if I had a home and parents I should indulge my taste and dress as I know a lady ought. But on one thing I am decided: come what will, I will dress my feet and hands well. My dress may be shabby and my hats old, but good boots and gloves I will have."

"I always like to see things correspond and harmonize," observed Sallie.

"So do I. Have the best of everything if you can; if you can't, get the best for your feet and hands. I'll tell you what I did last fall. I had been staying at Aunt Jane's a while, and I was going to Uncle Jared's to spend the winter. When I came away Aunt Jane gave me five dollars, and said she, 'Do you buy you some nice cotton cloth, and make you up a good batch of underclothes. Jared's folks always keep a hired girl, so you won't have much to do there, and you can make 'em all up before spring.'

"I took the money and thanked her, of course; but I'll tell you what I did with it. I bought me a pair of French kid boots and some six-button gloves. I could do without the underclothes, but the boots and gloves are a comfort to me every time I think of them."

Sallie allowed herself to be overpersuaded, and bought a pair of French kid boots for three dollars instead of the two-dollar ones she had at first thought nice enough.

"They're a real bargain," said Clarine; "mine cost three and a half, and are not a bit nicer."

"I'm going to have one of those long gauze veils," observed Mary, "the shade is exquisite. They are only a dollar. Buy one, Sallie, so we can have them alike."

Sallie hesitated; she knew she did not need it.

"We only brought on these four," said the clerk dexterously manipulating the lustrous gauze to give the best effect. "This is the new color, and they will soon be gone; so you'd better buy now."

Mary drew Sallie aside.

"I'll buy one for Lottie," she said, "and you buy one for Clarine; then we four girls will be in costume. I know those four Fox girls are talking of buying those very veils; so let us get the start of them."

Well—it is so easy to buy things and have them charged. Mrs. Slater's four girls appeared in their gauze veils the next day, and were the envy of the rest of the schoolgirls; and no one guessed the peace of mind it all cost Sallie.

So the term went on to its close, every week, sometimes every day, making additions to the long bill charged to Ephraim Harper at Streeter & Sampson's. "It is only a little affair," was the thought with which Sallie was wont to console herself whenever she indulged her fancy or her appetite at the cost of a dime or two. Nor did she trouble herself to remember the true old Scotch proverb, "Mony a little maks a mickle." And, like everybody who runs up a store-bill without keeping track of it, she was preparing a sorrowful surprise for herself in its undreamed-of dimensions.

The last day of school came. Examinations and exhibition were over, the scholars scattered and scattering, trunks packed, and Mr. Harper came for Sallie. How glad she was to see him again, and the thought of going home would have been bliss itself only for the thought of that store-bill which she so dreaded to have him meet. In vain she assured herself that he had told her to buy things there and have them charged if necessary; conscience persisted in replying that it had not been necessary at all.

Mr. Harper went to Prof. Clark to pay Sallie's tuition, and was greatly pleased with the praise his daughter received.

"As far as I know," said the worthy professor, "your daughter has never failed in a recitation this term. Her deportment has been all that could be desired, and we hope to have her here again as a pupil."

Sweet words to fall on a loving father's ear. Mrs. Slater was no less complimentary when Mr. Harper came to settle Sallie's board-bill.

"She has been a good girl, sir; as nice a boarder as one need to have. I've no fault whatever to find with her. All my girls have been quiet and steady as you could expect to see girls of that age. A little fun among themselves once in a while, but nothing to disturb the house or hinder their studies."

"Well, Sallie," said her father, coming up to her room where she was picking up the last things, "are the bills all paid now? My wallet is fast collapsing."

"There's a little bill over at Streeter & Sampson's," replied Sallie, coloring. "You know you told me to get things charged there."

"Yes, I know, if you needed to, but I had flattered myself you would not need anything more than the money I gave you."

"Well, I had to get new boots and a veil, and—some other things," said Sallie trying to think of some other useful things she had bought.

"Two or three dollars, perhaps. Well, where's your account? How much is the whole bill?"

"I don't know."

"Why! haven't you kept an account yourself?"

"I did at first, then I was so busy I neglected it."

Mr. Harper went down stairs and across the street at a rate of speed which indicated he had fears the bill was growing larger every minute. In a very short time she saw him coming back.

"How much of a bill do you think you've got over there?" he asked, not angrily, but with the air of a man grieved and astonished beyond measure.

"Five or six dollars, perhaps," faltered Sallie.

"Five and six put together, and more! eleven dollars and eighty-nine cents! There must be some mistake; put on your hat and come over with me."

Sallie groaned in spirit. How she hated the credit system just then, and wished she had never stepped into that store. Where were now her fine pretences of doing so much kindness to those poorer girls who had to depend on others for their pleasures?

The missionary spirit which she had proposed to plead in extenuation of her extravagance showed itself now as quite too ridiculous to be mentioned.

The polite clerk read over dates and items to them, a long, long list, and Sallie confusedly felt as though "candy," "nuts," and "oranges" comprised almost the whole.

"Do you think that is correct, Sallie?" her father asked, when the end had been reached and the startling sum total read.

"I presume it is," replied Sallie meekly, "but I had no idea it amounted to so much."

A lump in her throat cut off all explanation or apology that she might have made, if indeed she could have thought of any excuse for herself.

"I am confident there are no mistakes," said the clerk, "for I was always particular to put down everything at the time it was bought, and I have added it twice to avoid errors. Of course, I supposed that Miss Harper was also keeping the account."

"Add it up yourself, Sallie," said her father, pushing the book towards her; and with tear-dimmed eyes and crimson cheeks Sallie went over the fatal figures, only to find the addition correct. Her father took out his wallet and looked over the contents a little, then went and conferred with Mr. Streeter a few minutes at the other end of the store.

"I'll pay you six dollars and eighty-nine cents now," he said coming back, "and give my note for five to Streeter & Sampson. You please write the note due in three months, and I'll sign it."

Sallie was only too sure he had not enough money to pay the whole. She gladly decided she might be spared, and hastened to hide herself and her humiliation in her room. Her father soon came over, and they set out for home.

It was not at all like the exhilarating home-coming Sallie had been wont to picture to herself in the fore part of the term. Spite of the May sunshine, the spring freshness of everything and the bubbling music of the bobolinks, the day seemed dreary. Her father was so quiet and unsocial, so unlike his usual cordial, cheery self, that there seemed no pleasure for her in anything.

"O father," Sallie burst out at length, when they had ridden for a long time in the dreariest kind of silence, "do scold me as I deserve, and don't seem so grieved. I was a wicked, thoughtless girl, and I don't deserve forgiveness."

"It did hurt me, Sallie, more than I like to acknowledge; but I do not believe you will ever do the like again."

"Never, never!" sobbed Sallie. "If I did, I should hate myself worse than I do now, if that were possible. O father, I will work and repay you that money somehow, this very summer, see, if I don't."

That night after Sallie had gone up stairs, she heard her mother say,

"O Ephraim, where's your new coat?"

"I concluded not to buy one," was the reply.

"Now that's too bad," her mother energetically answered. "You don't get over to Groton only once in a great while, and have a chance to buy. Your old coat is getting so shabby I'm downright ashamed of you."

"Well, it'll have to do me a spell longer. I hadn't the money to spare after Sallie's school bills were paid, and I thought I'd wait till we turned something from the farm."

Not a word from her kind father about that dreadful store-bill, which would more than have bought him a new coat. And much to Sallie's relief, no mention of it was ever made at home. Her mother would not have had the leniency that her father had, and Sallie felt as if her overtaxed nerves could not endure the lecture her mother would feel it her duty to give her. In her heart of hearts she blessed her father for his judicious silence. More firmly than ever she determined to make herself worthy of his kindness and forbearance.

Sallie went right into the work immediately, "like all possessed," as her mother phrased it.

"Seems as if she can't do enough to help us," she told Mrs. Prime, the neighbor across the road. "When there a'n't anything to do in the house, she's out helping her father; fairly seems to delight to be working with him. I expected like as not she'd come home full of high notions, and want no end of fine clothes for summer, but she vows she won't have a new thing. She's been and rigged over her old dresses and hats, and is saving beyond anything I ever knew her before. And don't you think, she's been and took a school to keep, over in the Bean district. Sister Vira is coming to stay two or three months with us, and she always helps me more or less, so Sallie's bound to be earning something while she can be spared at home."

Sallie duly went to her school in the Bean neighborhood, and taught the three months with great credit to herself—albeit it was considered a hard school, and the young Beans especially seemed bound, as beans always do, to come up wrong end first. There was real work in teaching that school, care and anxiety and actual labor, very different from going to school at Groton Academy, boarding with Mrs. Slater, and having those jolly Saturday evening spreads. But the discipline made a woman of Sallie, and never was there a happier girl than she when she brought home her hard-earned money, and put it in her father's hand.

"Oh, no! keep it, Sallie, you'll need it to spend for yourself, and you've worked hard to earn it," said Mr. Harper.

"I earned it for you," persisted Sallie, half crying, "and you and I will go to Groton next week, and you shall buy you a new suit of clothes!"

And Sallie carried the day.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

AUNT SUE'S STORY.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"What can be the harm, I should really like to know, of my going down street for an hour or two in the evening? Mother is so particular. She can not bear me out of her sight a minute," and the speaker, a fair-haired boy of ten or twelve years, with an aggrieved look upon his usually bright face, tore into fragments a strip of paper which he held in his hand and scattered the bits upon the carpet.

"Mother loves you too well, Arthur, dear," replied his sister, "to allow you upon the streets in the evening, and you can see for yourself that the company you meet there would be harmful for a young boy like you. There is Dick Allen, for instance. You can not help knowing that he uses vulgar and profane language, and I saw him puffing a cigar upon the street this very day."

"Who asked you to speak? I should like to know. I guess I can play with boys if they are rude, without becoming like them. I am not obliged to copy their faults."

"I don't know about that, Arthur; you remember your motto for to-day, 'A man is known by the company he keeps,' and I suppose the same is true of boys. And the Bible says, 'Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?'"

"Well, you need not preach. If I want to hear a sermon I can go to church."

"And besides, Arthur," continued his sister, "you remember mother promised papa on his dying bed that she would watch faithfully over his children, and especially you, Arthur. I do not see how you can cross her wishes; and she is so gentle and loving, too. It hurts her more than it does you when she is obliged to give you pain, but she must be mindful of your best interests, and—"

"Now, see here, Carrie, if you say another word I'll leave the room," and the boy put on an injured look, marched across the room, seated himself by the window, and looked sullenly out into the deepening twilight. He was in a most uncomfortable frame of mind, and the longer he nursed his wrath the more uncomfortable he became; and when aunt Sue and his two little sisters, Stella and Eva, came into the room, he did not deign to notice the one, and rudely repelled the others.

It was the hour for their accustomed game of romps with Arthur, and they were astonished at his moodiness, so unlike his usual merry, frolicsome ways, and tried playfully to draw him out, but at some curt rebuff of his, Eva's lips quivered, and both little girls retreated to their aunt's side, and soon forgot their troubles in listening to her cheerful words.

"O, aunt Sue, tell us a story; do, please, before Mamma lights the lamp," pleaded Eva.

"Yes, do," chimed in Stella's sweet voice, "and let it be a true story about some little boy or girl that you have known. I like true stories best."

Aunt Sue thought a moment and then leaning back in her easy-chair, she suffered Stella to remove the knitting from her hands and began softly: "Yes, dearies, I will tell you a true story of a dear little boy whom I knew many years ago. He was sweet-tempered, and good, and beautiful. His blue eyes were full of laughter, and the golden curls clustered thickly around his white, broad forehead. He was the pride and joy of his mother's heart, and she loved him very tenderly; and he was all she had left to love, for his little brothers and sisters had, one by one, left her to live with the angels, and, at last, his papa, too, was carried to the churchyard, and laid to rest beside four little grass-grown mounds, besprinkled with violets and mountain daisies; and then little Georgie was all that was left to her; and it seemed as if every fibre of her heart was entwined about him and her very life was interwoven with the life of the child, and her constant cry was: 'Lord, spare me this, my only treasure, for I can not live without him!'"

"But time flies, and Georgie is twelve years old, a noble, manly, promising boy. The mother would fain have kept him a child dependent on her love and care, she would have laid down her life to shield him from temptation; but Georgie loved company, and the kind of company which was at hand, and in which, for want of better, he was indulged, soon made the quiet atmosphere of home irksome to him; and his mother thought that it was her love for him that prompted the indulgence of all his wishes, and could not deny him; but it was her weakness and want of firmness.

"Instead of saying with decision, 'Georgie, my child, you can not go out to-night. I do not like the company you meet with at the village, and I can not allow you to go there,' she would say. 'O Georgie, you can not think how much your going out of evenings so worries me. I do wish you would stay at home more,' and Georgie would answer: 'Oh, mother, you are so fidgety! What harm can possibly come to me? I should like to know. You don't want to keep me cooped up here at home till I lost all life and spirits, now do you?' and then he would kiss her gayly and promising to be back in an hour or two would go whistling down the street. And very soon his will overpowered his mother's in everything; and he kept later and later hours, and grew every year more and more unsteady.

"He loved his mother, but he had never been taught strict obedience to her wishes, or self-control; and the tempter stood before him in alluring form, holding out bewitching, dazzling charms, and before he was seventeen years old his mother had reason to fear that he had formed many disorderly habits. His evenings were spent in low company; he had learned to smoke and chew, and many a form of impiety, at which he would once have shuddered, had become familiar to his lips; and once or twice—O children, can I say it?—his breath smelled of rum. Yes, actually smelled of rum.

"His mother was alarmed, and in bitterness of soul, such as she had never known in all her bereavement, she pleaded with him and prayed him to turn from his evil associates. He would listen at first, and pitying her grief, would promise amendment and for awhile would refrain from going out; but just as soon as hope would begin to revive in her heart, he would yield again to temptation, and dive deeper into the haunts of vice and degradation.

"The poor mother fainted and lay long in a state of unconsciousness the first time her boy was brought home to her drunk. After that he seemed to throw off all restraint, and his downward course was very rapid; and the burning tears and loving entreaties of his mother were of no avail. His feet were taken in a snare, and ruin and destruction came down upon him like an avalanche.

"At last there came an hour, the saddest in the poor mother's history, when her boy was brought home to her, a lifeless, mangled corpse. In a state of semi-consciousness caused by drink, he had attempted to step from one railway car to another, while in motion, and missing his footing he had fallen, and been crushed to death in an instant. For weeks the mother's life trembled in the balance between life and death, and when at last she was restored she learned that her son's irregularities had swallowed up her pleasant home, and she was penniless as well as childless.

"And so the sad history of this bright, beautiful boy, with its bitter ending, all came of disregard to his mother's wishes, of trifling with temptation, and yielding to evil companionship. No, not all; the mother, too, must bear her part of the blame; perhaps a larger part belongs to her, because she weakly yielded to her son's importunities, and indulged him in things which she knew if persisted in would end in ruin."

A deep silence of some moments followed the recital of "Aunt Sue's Story," broken only by an occasional sob from the little girls and the soft purring of Eva's favorite kitten, which she held tightly clasped in her hands. The mother had come in at the beginning of the story, and now sat with tear-filled eyes and averted face, thinking of her own responsibilities, and resolving to meet them faithfully at any cost. Aunt Sue's eyes were dry, but her face was very sad and white as she drew from the folds of her bombazine dress a miniature, set in gold, as a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired child, and gazed long and tenderly upon it, and then she broke out; "Oh Georgie! Georgie! would God I had died for thee! my sweet, my beautiful boy!"

The children pressed up eagerly to look at the picture, and Stella exclaimed; "O auntie, it looks just like you!" And then the children understood that they had indeed listened to a life story, the truth of which had whitened the locks and wrinkled the face of the dear auntie who had come to them three years before, and whom they had all learned to love so dearly.

Arthur slipped from his seat by the window, and came and stood beside his mother, drawing his arm around her neck, and laying his wet cheek against hers; and then the sobs burst forth, and he spoke almost in a whisper: "Mother, I am glad you did not let me go out. I shall never want to disobey you again, never."—*Morning Star.*

A BIG WEST INDIAN SPIDER.

This insect is as large as the palm of a man's hand. Its size makes a monster of it; but its colors being varied and beautiful makes one willing to look at it. It has ten legs, and four joints, and claws at the end. Its mouth is covered with hairs of a greyish hue, and some red ones. It has a crooked tooth on each side of polished black. When it is old, it becomes covered with down looking like brown or black velvet. Its net is large and strong, and extends from tree to tree, being strong enough to ensnare a bird as large as a thrush.

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 7, 3, 8, 4 give the name of a woman, who having been healed by the Saviour, ministered unto Him of her substance.

My 2, 4, 5, 6, is what the Lord swore unto Abram that He would perform.

My 3, 2, 7, 6. One who escaped a general calamity through faith.

My 7, 3, 7, 5, 6, 2, 5, 6. The place to which king Solomon banished a priest after thrusting "him from being priest unto the Lord."

My 5, 2, 2, 5, 6 gives that which, when broken; Solomon compared to confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble.

My 6 and 2 give the first word that Boaz addressed to one of his kinsmen as he passed by.

My 4, 8, 5. A small insect by whom Solomon advises idlers to be instructed.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, 4, 8; The name of one who severely rebuked David.

My whole is the name of a king's son who died with his father in battle.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 16

1. From Kirjath-jearim. 1 Chron. 13. 6.
2. It was taken there from Bethshemesh after the Philistines had returned it to that place. 1 Sam. 6. 20, 21.
3. Malchus a servant of the high priest; he was healed by Christ. John 18. 10. Luke 22, 50, 51.
4. By Christ in the sermon on the mount. Matt. 5, 48.

SCRIPTURE PROVERB.—Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Prov. xxvii. 1.

(Continued from first page.)

bravery and credit. The next year he was elected a member of the French national assembly, but declined the honor, and again returned home to his rocky island. Growing old, worn and weakened by wounds, disease and hard service, his sword was laid aside, to be girded on no more.

He was chosen to the Italian Parliament in 1875, but he did not make a successful legislator. He was granted a pension, yielding an annual income of about ten thousand dollars, and his last years were spent at his own home, receiving friends and visitors, writing invectives against tyranny and misgovernment, and managing his domestic affairs, which were not altogether free from crookedness. He died June 2, 1882.

While we can thus speak so highly in his praise, yet he had some qualities that we can not but condemn. He was true and devoted in his love of his country. Yet some of his campaigns were rash and imprudent, and did the cause of Italian union more injury than good. His hatred of tyranny developed, in his old age, into a bitterness against lawful restraint, and many of his letters contained unreasonable and unjust criticisms on very proper acts of government. Some of his writings were suppressed by his friends from very shame. Even the Paris Communists of 1870 received a letter of sympathy from him.

He early imbibed a dislike for the priesthood, and was unceasing in his condemnation of popery. His enmity against the priests grew into a disbelief in any religion; and he became at last an avowed infidel, glorying in his disbelief in God. It is sad to think that a man so desirous of human freedom, and so devoted to his country, whose patriotic example and influence were so distinguished, should yet be so far astray in matters of such importance, and that his lamp should go out in obscure darkness.—*Church and Home.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.

Sept. 28, 1884.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. 66: 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Lesson I.
T. Lessons II., III.
W. Lessons IV., V.
Th. Lessons VI. VII.
F. Lesson VIII.
Sa. Lessons IX., X.
S. Lessons XI., XII.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Who was the first king of Israel? How was he chosen? What was his first military exploit? What effect had it on the people? Give some of the events in the life of Saul. For what sin was he rejected? Who was anointed to be king in his place? Give an account of the first noted event in David's life. What caused the envy and hatred of Saul? Who was David's friend? What do you know about their friendship.

How did David show his forbearance toward Saul? Give an account of the death of Saul and his sons. How did the Philistines treat their bodies? What finally became of them? How long did Saul reign?

Of which tribe did David become king at the death of Saul? Who became king of the other tribes? Where and how long did Ishbosheth reign? How did his reign end? What was David's first capital? How long did he reign there? What is the Golden Text of this lesson?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS.

I.—What is the title of the first lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did the elders of Israel propose to David? What followed this proposal? What did David then do? What neighboring king became his friend and ally? What made David prosper?

II.—What is the title of the second lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Where had the ark been for many years? Who went to remove it? What sin delayed its being brought to Jerusalem? Where was it then carried? What was the result to the household?

III.—What is the title of the third lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did David propose to do? What did the Lord say to this proposal? What did the Lord promise David? Who should build the temple? What did the Lord promise respecting his kindom?

IV.—What is the title of the fourth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What inquiry did King David make? What was told him? What did he do? What kindness did he show Mephibosheth? How did he honor him?

V.—What is the title of the fifth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did David confess his sins? How did he cry for forgiveness? What was his prayer for inward cleansing? What new consecration did he make?

VI.—What is the title of the sixth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did Absalom steal the hearts of the people? On what pretence did he go to Hebron? For whom did he send? What is said of the conspiracy? What did David do?

VII.—What is the title of the seventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? For what did the king wait? For what was he most anxious? What good news did he receive? What bad news? What was the father's lament?

VIII.—What is the title of the eighth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Lord punish the sins of David and his people? What did David do? What did the Lord do? Where did David build an altar by divine command? How did the Lord show his acceptance of David's offerings?

IX.—What is the title of the ninth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What are we taught by the works of God? When and where do they show these things? How has God more clearly revealed himself to us? How should we regard the word of God? What should be our daily prayer?

X.—What is the title of the tenth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Psalmist express his confidence in the Lord? What was his great desire? Of what was he assured? How would he show his gratitude? What important counsel does he give?

XI.—What is the title of the eleventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did the Psalmist do in trouble? With what result did he wait? Who is here pronounced as blessed? What is said of the offering of sacrifices? What is our only hope of salvation?

XII.—What is the title of the twelfth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What does the Psalmist call upon himself to do? What benefits does the Lord bestow upon us? How has he made himself known to us? How does he show his love for his children? How does the psalm end?

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON I.

Oct. 5, 1884.] (1 Kings 1: 22-35.

SOLOMON'S SUCCEEDING DAVID.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 28-30.

22. And, lo, while she yet talked with the king, Nathan the prophet also came in.

23. And they told the king, saying, Behold Nathan the prophet. And when he was come in before the king, he bowed himself before the king with his face to the ground.

24. And Nathan said, My lord, O king, hast thou said, Adonijah shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne?

25. For he is gone down this day, and hath slain oxen and fat cattle and sheep in abundance, and hath called all the king's sons, and the captains of the host, and Abiathar the priest; and, behold, they eat and drink before him, and say, God save King Adonijah.

26. But me, even me thy servant, and Zadok the priest, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and thy servant Solomon, hath he not called.

27. Is this thing done by my lord the king, and thou hast not shewed it unto thy servant, who should sit on the throne of my lord the king after him?

28. Then King David answered and said, Call me Bathsheba. And she came into the king's presence, and stood before the king.

29. And the king sware, and said, As the Lord liveth, that hath redeemed my soul out of all distress,

30. Even as I sware unto thee by the Lord God of Israel, saying, Assuredly Solomon my son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne in my stead; even so will I certainly do this day.

31. Then Bathsheba bowed with her face to the earth, and did reverence to the king, and said, Let my lord King David live for ever.

32. And King David said, Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada. And they came before the king.

33. The king also said unto them, Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon my own mule, and bring him down to Gihon.

34. And let Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel; and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon.

35. Then ye shall come up after him, that he may come and sit upon my throne; for he shall be king in my stead; and I have appointed him to be ruler over Israel and over Judah.

GOLDEN TEXT

"And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind."—1 Chron. 28: 9.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 1: 5-21.....Adonijah's Usurpation.
T. 1 Kings 1: 22-35.....Solomon Declared King.
W. 1 Kings 1: 36-53.....Solomon Anointed King.
Th. 1 Chron. 28: 1-10.....David's Charge.
F. Ps. 125: 1-5.....Peace upon Israel.
Sa. Acts 2: 22-36.....David's Greater Son.
S. Ps. 92: 1-15.....The Righteous shall Flourish.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Adonijah Claims the Throne. 2. David Declares Solomon King. 3. Solomon Anointed King.

Time.—B.C. 1015. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 24. HAST THOU SAID—the transactions at En-Rogel were so public (see vs. 5-9), that they had the appearance of being sanctioned by the king. V. 25. The persons here named were KNOWN to be in favor of the succession of Solomon. V. 27. THOU HAST NOT SHEWED IT—Nathan's entire address was intended to rouse the king from the apathy and neglect which age had brought upon him.

II.—V. 28. CALL ME BATHSHEBA—she had withdrawn on the entrance of Nathan. V. 30. AS I SWARE UNTO THEE—probably after Absalom's rebellion. Nathan knew of this promise, and also of the Lord's designation of Solomon to be his father's successor. 2 Sam. 7: 12; 1 Chron. 22: 9.

III.—V. 32. ZADOK—he had been high priest in the tabernacle at Gibeon under Saul, (1 Chron. 16: 39) and was now associated with Abiathar as equal in the exercise of priestly functions. 2 Sam. 8: 17; 15: 24, 29, 35. BENAIAH—captain of David's body-guard (2 Sam. 8: 18; 20: 23; 1 Chron. 18: 17). V. 33. MINE OWN MULE—this was a public declaration in his favor as the future king. GIHON—a pool or fountain on the west of Jerusalem (2 Chron. 32: 30). V. 35. SIT UPON MY THRONE—associated with me in kingly power and recognized as my successor. David's commands were promptly executed; the people hailed the new king with joyful enthusiasm.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That it is an act of meanness for a son to take advantage of a father's age and weakness.

2. That they are bad advisers who would lead children to treat their parents with disrespect.

3. That those who have given proof of their regard for right are not likely to be asked to do what is wrong.

4. That men should make a proper arrangement of their worldly affairs while they are yet in health.

HEROISM.

"Oh, dear!" said Willy Gray, as he sat down on the saw-horse, and looked at the kindling-wood which he ought to have been splitting up for his mother. "I do wish I could do something for the world. Some great action that every one could admire, and that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero, or a famous missionary, but I cannot do anything, nor be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to hear this soliloquy.

"Oh!" said Willy, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead."

"That is the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be a hero, for the sake of being talked about?"

Willy did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to be good to people, convert the heathen—or—or save a sinking ship or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better, but believe me, Willy, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought the least about themselves and the most about their work. And so far as I can recollect now, the greatest—I mean according to Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small;" and here John took up the axe, and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willy jumped off the saw-horse and began to pick up the sticks without a word, but though he said nothing, he thought the more.

"I have wasted a lot of time in thinking what great things I might do if I only had the chance," he thought, "and I have neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I guess I had better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willy's resolution, and carry it out in his daily life?—*S. S. Messenger.*

A FEW HINTS TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS JUST OUT OF SCHOOL.

Be punctual. It is not only a duty to keep our engagements for our own sakes but we must avoid trespassing on the time and patience of others. It does very well for grand people, kings, queens, public speakers, etc., to show their consequence by ignoring the rights and convenience of their suitors, but for us who are ordinary every-day links in the chain of society, it is best to do as we would be done by. Do not be known, like my friend, as "the late Mrs. B." She makes an appointment to join a party, and you may be sure to see her come panting in a minute or two before the starting time, or the party have started without her if they do not care to be disappointed, and she either comes in later or returns. The other day Mr. Z. was expecting her to come and attend to some important business; he had postponed his own affairs and sat waiting for her arrival. The quarter grew to a half, and the half to a whole hour before she appeared all in a flutter, apologizing, of course. Mr. Z. hurried to get off, when it was discovered that Madame B. had in her haste, left an important paper at home. She fell into this habit when young, and now and ever shall she be known by that posthumous title—"the late Mrs. B."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A CHANCE FOR WORKERS.

The *Northern Messenger* will be sent to any address FROM NOW TILL THE END OF THE YEAR FOR TEN CENTS. All those who will work for us and thoroughly canvass their neighborhoods can make a nice little amount of pocket money for themselves, for we will accept FIFTY CENTS for every ten names such canvasser may forward us. Such subscriptions, however, *must all be sent at one time.* This chance we offer to *Messenger* workers is a very good one, and we expect that a great number of our friends will avail themselves of it. Do not delay, but go to work at once and in thorough earnest.

THOSE WHO consider beer a wholesome innocent beverage should read the experience of Jacob Spahn, a stockholder and director in a Rochester brewery, given in another column. Attacked by a frightful complication of nervous disorders Mr. Spahn consulted a physician who told him he must leave off beer for, as now fabricated, it was "the deadliest foe to the resisting powers of nature against disease that human ingenuity has ever devised." The story is interesting in more than one point of view.

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